

SELECT ORATORIO,

AS PERFORMED BY THE

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY,

AT

Boylston Hall,

ON THE

EVENING OF MARCH 9, 1828.

.....
In Two Parts.

PART I.

ANTHEM—STEVENSON.—S. C. v. 3. p. 5.

AIR.

O Lord our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the World. Thou hast set thy glory above the heavens, that thou mightest still the enemy and avenger.

DUET AND CHORUS.

For I will consider the heavens, and the works of thy fingers, the moon, and the stars which thou hast ordained.

RECITATIVE.

Lord what is Man, that thou art mindful of him, or the Son of Man, that thou visitest him.

AIR.

Thou mad'st him lower than the angels, to crown him with glory and worship.

DUET AND QUINTETTE.

O Lord our Governor, &c.

CHORUS.

How excellent is thy name in all the world.

AIR....HANDEL.

Angel of Charity, who from above,
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here;
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And pity's soul is in thy tear!

When on the shrine of God were laid,
First fruits of all, most good and fair,
That ever grew in Eden's shade,
Thine was the holiest offering there.

CHORUS--HAYDN--S. C. v. 1. p 57.

Come sweet Spring, of heaven the fairest gift, and from the heavy bonds of sleep bid nature rise.

It comes, sweet Spring, it comes. The gentle breeze glides through the air; with beauty clad the fields revive. O flatter not yourselves too soon, for Winter oft is veil'd within a mist, as Winter oft returns, and on the flowers distils its mortal blast.

Come, sweet Spring, of heaven the fairest gift, O come, descend upon our fields, and grant our wish.

AIR AND CHORUS--ROSSEAU--Harmonized by Stevenson.

Hark! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling,
Earth's weary children to repose,
While round the couch of nature falling,
Gently the night's soft curtains close.

Soon o'er a world in sleep reclining,
Numberless stars through yonder dark,
Shall look like eyes of Cherubs shining,
From out the veils that hid the ark.

Guard us, O thou, who never sleepest,
Thou who in silence thron'd above,
Throughout all time unwearyed keepest
Thy watch of Glory, Pow'r and Love.

Grant that, beneath thine eyes securely,
Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,
May in the darkness, stilly, purely,
Like "sealed fountains," rest till dawn.

RECITATIVE--HAYDN--S. C. v. 3. p. 106.

Now Israel worship'd the Idols of the Groves, and did evil in the sight of the Lord, and the anger of the Lord came upon them.

TENOR AND BASS CHORUS.

He broke the Idols of Bethshema.—He sent consuming fire on Gaza.—He broke the Idols of Bethshema, and destroyed the temple of their Gods. Hide thee in the rock, the day of wrath is upon thee. Hide thee in the rock, O Judah, the day of wrath is upon thee. They provok'd him with Idols and with the work of their hands. He sent upon them fiery tempest, and his fury smote them all. He broke the Idols of Bethshema, &c.

CHORUS--ACCLAMATION--GARDINER--S. C. v. 3. p. 111.

God is our king, sound, sound his praise, glorify him forever.

SEMI-CHORUS AND FULL CHORUS--NAUMAN.

Sons of Zion, come before him,
Bring the cymbal, bring the harp.
High in glory, lo, he's seated,
On his bright majestic throne,
Sons of Zion, come before him,
Sound the lute and strike the harp.

DUET--HANDEL.

O lovely peace with plenty crown'd,
Come spread thy blessings all around;
Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
And vallies smile with wavy corn.

AIR.. HAYDN.

In thee, **O** Lord, is our defence. Thou, **O** God, art our hope and strength, for thou art mighty. Thou art great in power; Thou art all my hope and trust; Thou, in Battle, art our hope and strength. The Lord is good, is great, and with his mighty arm, the cause He will defend.

SOLO AND CHORUS.. HAYDN.. S. C. v. 3. p. 186.

Glorify the Great Jehovah, glorify Him evermore. He that smote the ships of Tarshish, with an east wind he scattered them and laid them waste. Glorify the Great Jehovah, glorify him evermore—for He is our God, He is the God of Israel. He that smote the ships of Tarshish, with an east wind he scattered them. Thou, **O** Lord, didst lead thy people to the promised land. Glorify Him evermore.

PART II.

CHORUS.. MOZART.. S. C. v. 2. p. 170.

Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth—Heaven and Earth are full of thy Glory. Hosanna in the Highest.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.. MOZART.

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domine. Hosanna in Excelsis.

RECITATIVE.. HAYDN.. S. C. v. 2. p. 83.

The host of Midian prevailed, and Israel cried unto the Lord to deliver them; and the angel said unto Gideon, Go in thy might, and save Israel, for this day thou shalt smite the Midianites, as one man.

CHORUS.

The arm of the Lord is upon them, by the edge of the sword they fell; and the rolling thunder he cast on all. Man against man he set them; none can escape his fury; the sword of the Lord devoureth them all. The Lord he will have mercy; in peace he keepeth Zion, he keepeth thee, he keepeth Zion. The arm of the Lord is upon them, &c.

RECITATIVE.—HAYDN.—S. C. v. 3. p. 77.

With rosy steps, young dawn appears; the vapours melt, the clouds retire; in azure garment the heay'ns are clad, the mountains tipt with ethereal gold.

SOLOS AND CHORUS.

The sun ascends, he rises, he mounts, he comes, he's near, he beams, he shines, he flames in radiance full, in glowing majesty. Hail! thou sun, O hail! Thou source of life and light O hail! Hail! thou Sun, O, Hail! thou soul and eye of the universe;—Thee bright and God-like star, with joyful thanks we hail! Who may speak all the raptures that from thy sight in us arise;—O who recount the blessings all that from thy genial bounty flow; the raptures who may speak; the blessings all who number them. Thy beams unfold delightful scenes;—To thee we owe what cheers the heart; through thee receive supporting strength; but give the Lord our God the praise; 'tis He gives power to shine. Hail! thou Sun, O hail! Thou source of light and life, O hail! In shouting joy resounds thy name through nature all.

CANNON.—W. BIRD.—O. C. v. 2. p. 116.

Non nobis Domine; non nobis sed nomini tuo da gloriam; non nobis Domine non.

CHORUS.—HANDEL.—S. C. v. 3. p. 165.

Sing unto God, and high affections raise,
To crown this conquest with eternal praise.

MOTETTO.—“*Methinks I hear the full celestial Choir.*”—DR. CROTCH.

CHOIR.—Hallelujah—Amen.

BASS SOLO.—Methinks I hear the full celestial Choir, through heaven's high dome, their awful anthem raise, now chanting clear; and now they all conspire to swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

CHORUS.—HAYDN.—S. C. v. 2. p. 125.

Father we adore thee, and worship thee, O God Most High. Holy Lord, mighty God, we worship thee, holy Lord God of hosts.

Glorify his name forever more, and tell of all his wond'rous works. Glorify his name, and praise him forever. Holy, mighty, glorious God, we worship thy name for evermore.